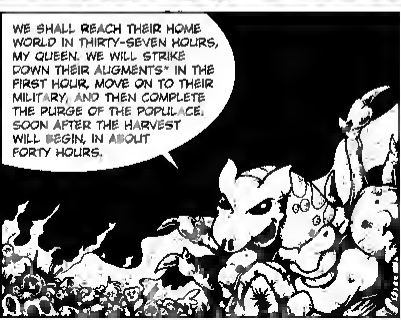
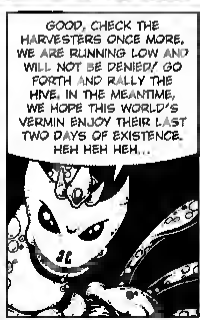
TALES OF SUPERMEGATOPIA!

TM THE BROTHERS GRINN © 1998

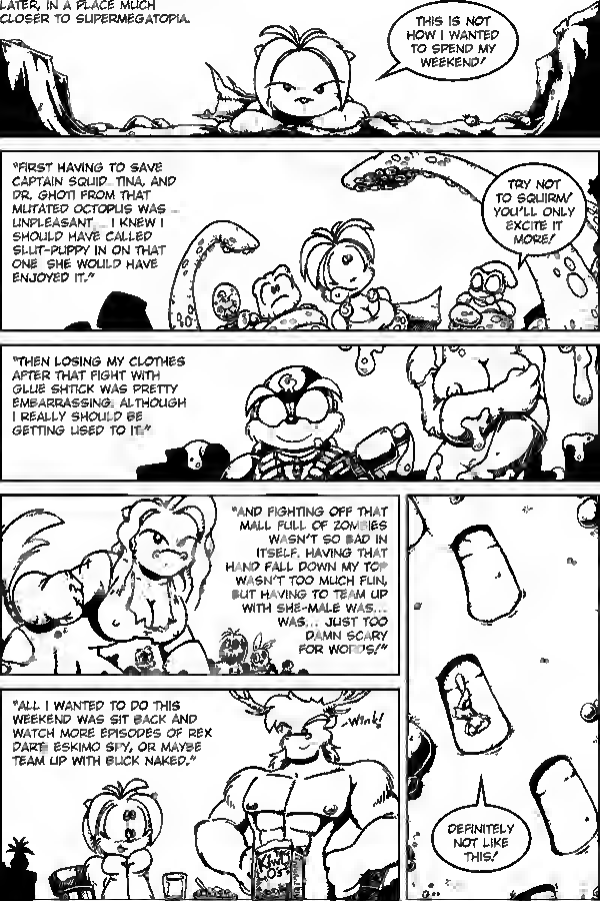
SUPERMEGATOPIA. KIWI CAPITAL OF THE WORLD, CANNOT BE SEEN FROM HERE. NOR CAN THE CONTINENT, OR EVEN THE PLANET IT SITS ON. THIS SPOT IS IN DEEP SPACE.

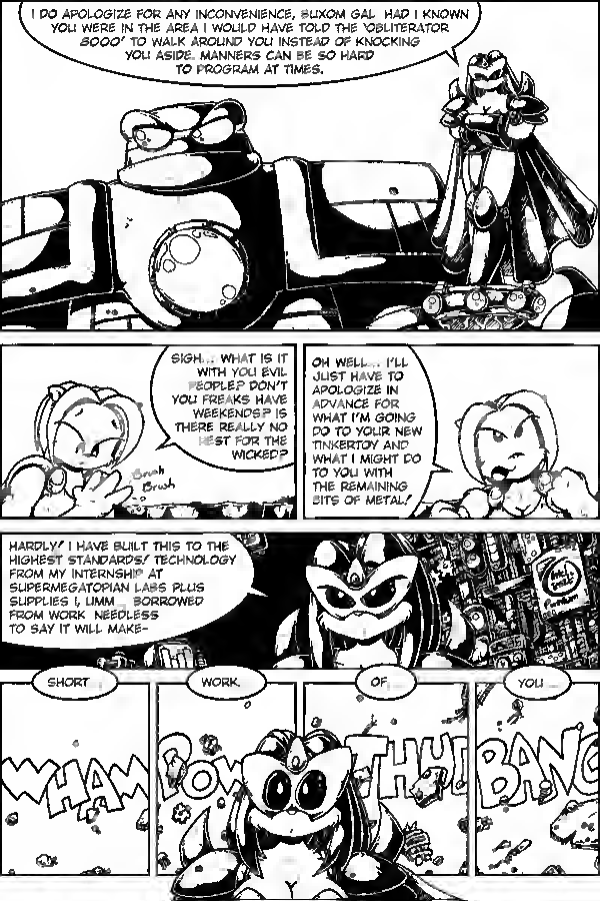
NEVERTHELESS, THAT'S NOT STOPPING THE GORKORKIAN INVASION FLEET. THEY HAVE STAR CHARTS, AND THEY'LL BE GETTING SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES CLOSER EVERY SECOND!


WE SHALL REACH THEIR HOME WORLD IN THIRTY-SEVEN HOURS, MY QUEEN. WE WILL STRIKE DOWN THEIR AUGMENTS* IN THE FIRST HOUR, MOVE ON TO THEIR MILITARY, AND THEN COMPLETE THE PURGE OF THE POPULACE. SOON AFTER THE HARVEST WILL BEGIN, IN ABOUT FORTY HOURS.

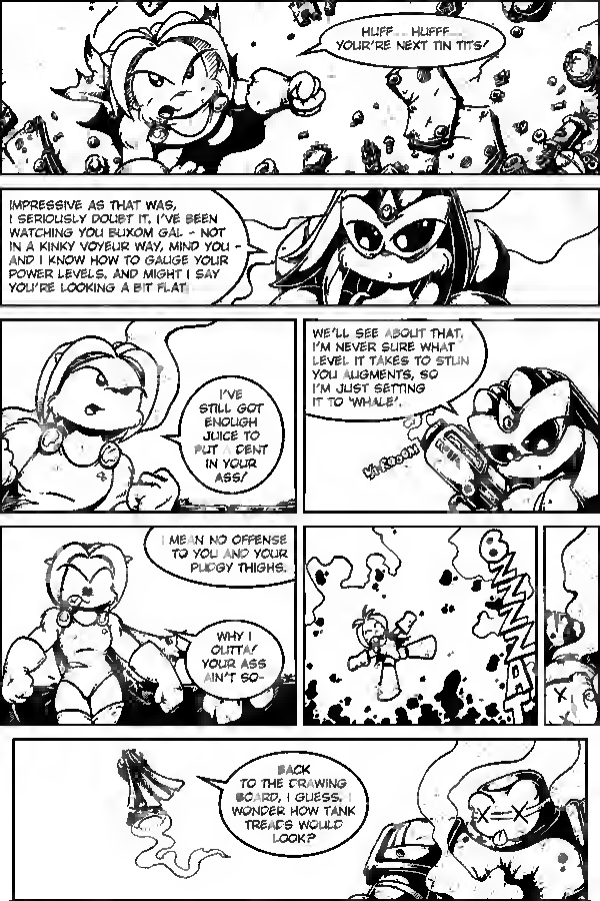

GOOD. CHECK THE HARVESTERS ONCE MORE. WE ARE RUNNING LOW AND WILL NOT BE DENIED! GO FORTH AND RALLY THE HIVE. IN THE MEANTIME, WE HOPE THIS WORLD'S VERMIN ENJOY THEIR LAST TWO DAYS OF EXISTENCE. HEH HEH HEH...

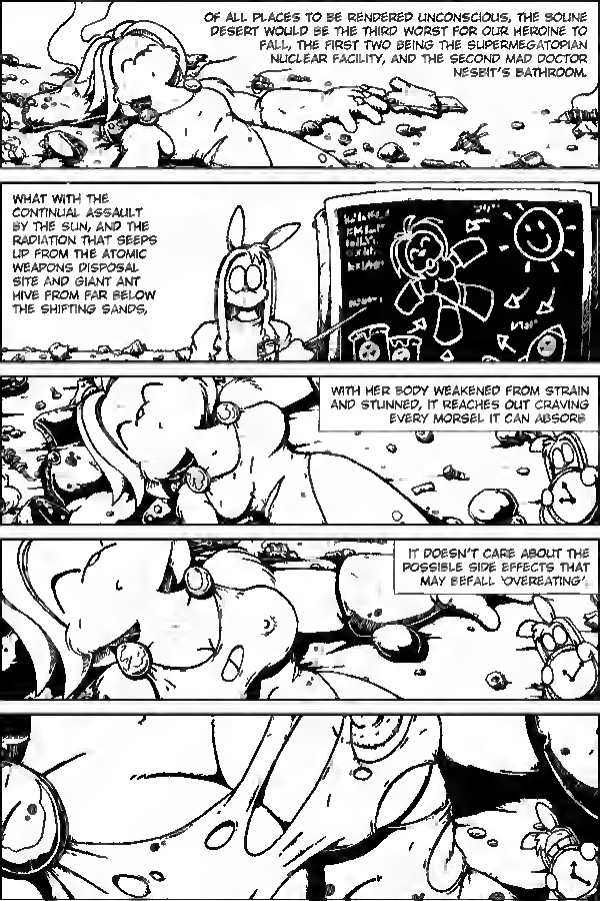
*SUPERHEROES AND WHATNOT!

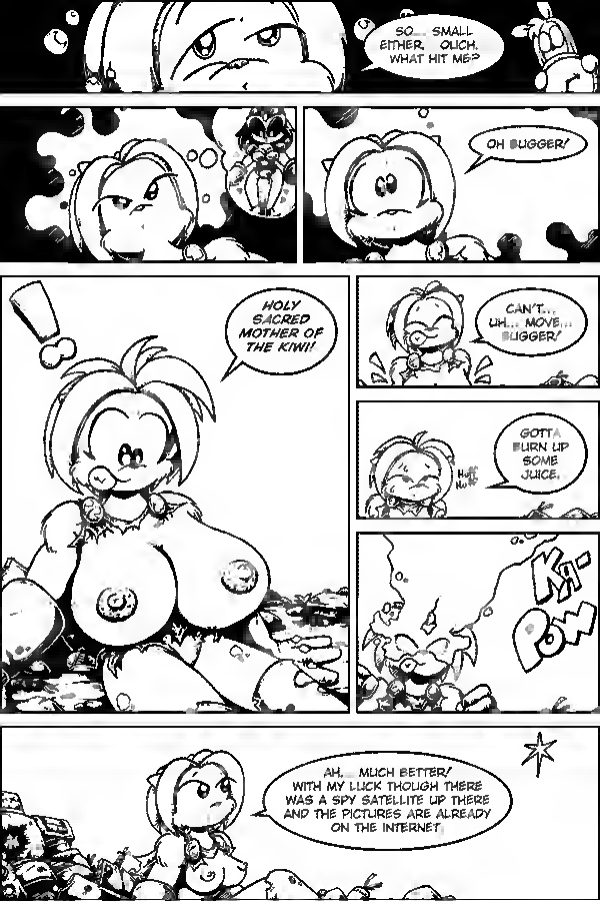

LATER, IN A PLACE MUCH CLOSER TO SUPERMEGATOPIA.
THIS IS NOT HOW I WANTED TO SPEND MY WEEKEND!
"FIRST HAVING TO SAVE CAPTAIN SQUID TINA, AND DR. GHOTI FROM THAT MUTATED OCTOPUS WAS... UNPLEASANT. I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE CALLED SLUT-PUPPY IN ON THAT ONE. SHE WOULD HAVE ENJOYED IT."
TRY NOT TO SQUIRM/ YOU'LL ONLY EXCITE IT MORE!
"THEN LOSING MY CLOTHES AFTER THAT FIGHT WITH GLUE SHTICK WAS PRETTY EMBARRASSING. ALTHOUGH I REALLY SHOULD BE GETTING USED TO IT."
"AND FIGHTING OFF THAT MALL FULL OF ZOMBIES WASN'T SO BAD IN ITSELF. HAVING THAT HAND FALL DOWN MY TOP WASN'T TOO MUCH FUN, BUT HAVING TO TEAM UP WITH SHE-MALE WAS... WAS... JUST TOO DAMN SCARY FOR WORDS!"
"ALL I WANTED TO DO THIS WEEKEND WAS SIT BACK AND WATCH MORE EPISODES OF REX DART: ESKIMO SPY, OR MAYBE TEAM UP WITH BUCK NAKED."
-Wink!
DEFINITELY NOT LIKE THIS!


I DO APOLOGIZE FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE, ELIXOM GAL. HAD I KNOWN YOU WERE IN THE AREA I WOULD HAVE TOLD THE 'OBLITERATOR BOOO' TO WALK AROUND YOU INSTEAD OF KNOCKING YOU ASIDE. MANNERS CAN BE SO HARD TO PROGRAM AT TIMES.
SIGH... WHAT IS IT WITH YOU EVIL PEOPLE? DON'T YOU FREAKS HAVE WEEKENDS? IS THERE REALLY NO REST FOR THE WICKED?
Brush Brush
OH WELL... I'LL JUST HAVE TO APOLOGIZE IN ADVANCE FOR WHAT I'M GOING DO TO YOUR NEW TINKERTOY AND WHAT I MIGHT DO TO YOU WITH THE REMAINING BITS OF METAL!
HARDLY! I HAVE BUILT THIS TO THE HIGHEST STANDARDS/ TECHNOLOGY FROM MY INTERNSHIP AT SUPERMEGATORIAN LABS PLUS SUPPLIES I, UMM... BORROWED FROM WORK. NEEDLESS TO SAY IT WILL MAKE-
SHORT...
WORK.
OF...
YOU...
WHAM
POW
THU
BANG

KA-BOOM!


HUFF... HUFFF...
YOUR'RE NEXT TIN TITS!
IMPRESSIVE AS THAT WAS, I SERIOUSLY DOUBT IT. I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU BUXOM GAL - NOT IN A KINKY VOYEUR WAY, MIND YOU - AND I KNOW HOW TO GAUGE YOUR POWER LEVELS, AND MIGHT I SAY YOU'RE LOOKING A BIT FLAT!
I'VE STILL GOT ENOUGH JUICE TO PUT A DENT IN YOUR ASS!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, I'M NEVER SURE WHAT LEVEL IT TAKES TO STUN YOU ALIGMENTS, SO I'M JUST SETTING IT TO 'WHALE'.
KA-BOOM!
I MEAN NO OFFENSE TO YOU AND YOUR PUDGY THIGHS.
WHY I OUTTA! YOUR ASS AIN'T SO-
BZZZZAT!
BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD, I GUESS. I WONDER HOW TANK TREADS WOULD LOOK?


OF ALL PLACES TO BE RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS, THE SOLINE DESERT WOULD BE THE THIRD WORST FOR OUR HEROINE TO FALL, THE FIRST TWO BEING THE SUPERMEGATOPIAN NUCLEAR FACILITY, AND THE SECOND MAD DOCTOR NESBIT'S BATHROOM.
WHAT WITH THE CONTINUAL ASSAULT BY THE SUN, AND THE RADIATION THAT SEEPS UP FROM THE ATOMIC WEAPONS DISPOSAL SITE AND GIANT ANT HIVE FROM FAR BELOW THE SHIFTING SANDS,
WITH HER BODY WEAKENED FROM STRAIN AND STUNNED, IT REACHES OUT CRAVING EVERY MORSEL IT CAN ABSORB
IT DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS THAT MAY BEFALL 'OVEREATING'.


SO... SMALL EITHER. OUCH. WHAT HIT ME?
OH BUGGER!
HOLY SACRED MOTHER OF THE KIWI!
CAN'T... UH... MOVE... BUGGER!
GOTTA BURN UP SOME JUICE.
HUFF HUFF
KA-POW
AH... MUCH BETTER! WITH MY LUCK THOUGH THERE WAS A SPY SATELLITE UP THERE AND THE PICTURES ARE ALREADY ON THE INTERNET.

KRAKA DOOM!
DRONE KRYLL, WHAT IS HAPPENING?
WE'VE TAKEN DAMAGE OFF THE PORT BOW, THE SYSTEM IS IN SHOCK WE DON'T UNDERSTAND IT MY QUEEN, THEY SHOULD NOT BE ABLE TO SEE US. LET ALONE ATTACK FOR ANOTHER TEN HOURS!
IT APPEARS WE HAVE UNDERESTIMATED THEM DRONE KRYLL. TURN THE FLEET ABOUT AND SET A COURSE FOR THE HIVE
MY QUEEN, WHAT ABOUT THE HARVEST? WE'VE COME SO FAR!
FORGET IT, EARTH MAY BE TOO POWERFUL TO RISK IT, EVEN FOR KIWIS. WE SHALL HAVE TO MAKE DUE WITH OTHER FRUITS FOR NOW.
BUT MY QUEEN! KIWIS!
FORGET THEM. HERE DRONE KRYLL, HAVE A TANGERINE.
THE END!